

NO BARGAIN MADE WITH M'NAMARAS TO SAVE OTHERS IN DYNAMITE PLOT

WEATHER—Rain or snow to-night; fair Sunday.

FINAL
EDITION.

"Circulation Books Open to All."



The World

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GOMPERS' RIGHT HAND MAN WOULD GLADLY PULL A ROPE ABOUT NECKS OF M'NAMARAS

Calvin Wyatt Brands the Brothers as Worse Traitors Than Judas or Arnold.

THEY DECEIVED LABOR.

Duped the Working People Into the Belief That They Were Innocent.

Calvin Wyatt, right hand man of Samuel Gompers in New York, who is general organizer in charge of the office of the American Federation of Labor, at Fourth avenue and Ninth street, was bitter today in his denunciation of the McNamara brothers. He branded them as even greater traitors to the cause of humanity than Judas Iscariot or Benedict Arnold.

"They are traitors to the cause of union labor," said Wyatt. "I will make it broader than that—traitors to humanity. There is no place in the world for such men."

"As for that, you will find traitors everywhere. Why, there was one even in Christ's chosen twelve. But beside the McNamara Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold pale into insignificance. What Wyatt meant was that the McNamara's treachery had consisted not of their confession of guilt, but of their profession of innocence. Labor men, and for that matter, a large part of the country, had been duped, deceived, innocently betrayed, that was his point. Wyatt said Gompers had never a tremor of a shift of the eye at McNamara's story. It carried such conviction with it that all of us, Mr. Gompers included, felt certain that the two men were telling the absolute truth, that they were being persecuted."

Wyatt, like Gompers and other labor leaders refused to believe the first reports of the confession last night. Later he said he received word of it that had to be believed. From absolute professed faith in the brothers, his feelings changed to the bitterest resentment.

WOULD BE GLAD TO PULL ROPE TO HANG THEM.

"I do not believe in capital punishment," Wyatt declared today. "But if I did, I would gladly pull the rope about the McNamara's neck. I hope they get the limit of the legal penalty."

One aspect of the confession kept labor men puzzling for some time. That was the part played by Clarence J. Darrow, the man whom they had employed as counsel for the two dynamiters. It was Darrow, according to reports from Los Angeles, who prevailed upon both men to give up the fight and plead guilty.

"It does look to me as if there might have been some hidden reason for springing the confession just at this time," said Wyatt. "To-day is election day in Los Angeles. The fight is between Republicans and Socialists, with Joe Harriman, one of the counsel associated with Darrow in defense of the McNamara's, running for Mayor on the Socialist ticket."

"Knowing what the effect of such a thing would be on the Socialist candidates' chances, I cannot understand why Darrow should choose the eve of election as the time to announce the McNamara's confession. Darrow is himself a Socialist. He defended Moyer and Haywood for us, and was our counsel in the coal cases in Pennsylvania. Was there politics in the McNamara's confession?"

Wyatt was asked about the fund of something like \$20,000 which labor unions had raised to help the McNamara's. He said the fund was in the hands of a committee of the Federation in Washington, D. C., and that within a few days \$50,000 more would have been added to it.

LITTLE LEFT OF THE \$200,000 DEFENSE FUND.

"What will be done with this fund?" he was asked.

"The obligations we have assumed will be discharged just as if this thing had never happened," said he. "That is the financial obligation. It is our duty."

BIG POKER GAME RUNS 96 HOURS ON LINER CEDRIC

Four Aces Beat Four Queens and Oil Millionaire Rakes In Big Pot.

The passengers on the White Star liner Cedric, which arrived today, were full of gossip of a poker game which started in the stateroom Tuesday night and lasted until the ship was off the Ambrose Lightship last night. It was altogether a friendly game and nobody who even looked like a third cousin of a professional gambler was allowed to break into it. There was never a moment of the four days and nights when seven men were not in the game.

The winners were Paul Wilkes, a California oil millionaire, and A. L. Dunham, a mining magnate. The rest lost. Mr. Wilkes won about \$1,500 and Mr. Dunham about \$1,000.

The joke of the game was that the big hands were held by the two winners. On Thursday morning, early in the limit, was raised from \$10 to \$25—the ante had been \$10 all along.

Mr. Dunham found four queens smiling at him from his hand and promptly tossed the pot. Mr. Wilkes, who had counted out four aces among his five cards, was not a bit bashful about going right back at him. Others stayed in until there was \$100 in the pot. After that the oil and the gold man had it all to themselves.

Mr. Dunham drew one card. Mr. Wilkes drew a thought to decide, stood pat. Mr. Dunham bet \$25. Mr. Wilkes, thinking to deceive Mr. Dunham, still more by appearing vain-glorious, saw the bet and raised it the limit, remarking: "I'm sorry for you, I'll bet this hand all night."

High then and there Mr. Dunham showed he knew more real psychology than some college professors and called.

The game continued after that with the tacit understanding by the other players that the best they could do would be to lose as little as possible to Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Dunham.

Other passengers were Aline Genee, the Danish dancer, and her husband, Capt. Frank Leitz (and she is very touchy if you call it Leitz; you must say Leitz); they are going to Winnipeg to straighten out some kinks in his big land interests there.

The Italian wrestler, Giovanni Raicevich, who brought with him the most imposing, curling, black muscle of ship news reporter has seen in many years, and his brother, Emilio, his manager, also were on board. Raicevich is also a promoter of the Chiribiri aeroplane, in which he has done some successful flying. He says he wants a match with Frank Leitz or the human zephyr, Zhyssko, and will start off by wrestling six men for twenty minutes about each at Madison Square Garden, agreeing to forfeit \$1,000 for each one he does not throw.

Duty to do that. As to returning the balance, I do not think there is likely to be much balance left. Darrow is not the kind of a man to leave much balance when he is through with a case.

"The confession leaves no question that the crime these two men committed was one of the worst crimes ever recorded. I cannot understand how two such men could do such a thing. Union labor does not stand for such acts. It is against crime and violence of all sorts."

"We believed these men were honest, we believed they were being persecuted," Mr. Gompers believed in them and when he decides to stand by a friend he stands by that friend through thick and thin. That is one of the secrets of his success. We now realize we made a very, very serious mistake."

Wyatt was asked whether the colorless McNamara's defense would threaten Gompers' hold upon labor organizations throughout the country and bring about his downfall. "I do not think so," was his reply. "All of us, like Mr. Gompers, believed in the McNamara's. We were all taken in. The Federation decided to do what it did by a vote in convention. None of us would think of blaming Mr. Gompers for what has been done."

HUGH JENNINGS BADLY INJURED IN AUTO SMASH

Detroit Baseball Club Manager Unconscious for Hours, but Will Recover.

PRIEST WITH HIM HURT.

Diamond Star Riding With Party Near Scranton, Pa., When Accident Occurred.

(Special to The Evening World.)

SCRANTON, Pa., Dec. 2.—Hugh Jennings, manager of the Detroit American League baseball club, and Rev. Peter F. Lynette of Matamoras, Pa., who were seriously injured in the Pocono Mountains late last night, when Jennings' automobile fell off a bridge, were brought to a hospital in this city today, and after a further examination the doctors said that both men have a chance for recovery.

Jennings is believed to be injured internally. His left arm is broken, and whether his skull is fractured cannot be determined until an X-ray of his head has been developed. On the train from Gouldsboro, Pa., near where the accident occurred, Jennings regained consciousness long enough to recognize his brother and several relatives.

Father Lynette's right arm, right leg and three ribs on his right side are broken. Mr. and Mrs. David Holden of Matamoras, who were also in the automobile, escaped with slight injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. Holden had only been married a few hours before the accident by Father Lynette.

The place of the accident is isolated and two hours elapsed before word could be gotten to this city. Local doctors were then hurried to the scene.

Mr. Jennings had been hunting last week in the neighborhood of Gouldsboro, and while there his auto became disabled and he was obliged to come home without it.

With Father Lynette he left here yesterday to get the machine and drive it back. Father Lynette performed the wedding ceremony, and at Mr. Jennings' invitation the bridal couple decided to start their honeymoon with a ride to this city, where they expected to spend the night.

Later Jennings and Mr. Holden says that the auto was running at a good clip when Jennings, who was driving, slipped off the road and the auto crashed into the railing of the bridge.

The railing crumbled and the auto tumbled over, turning completely around in falling and pinning the priest and the ball player when it struck the river bed, ten feet below.

There was little water at the place where the auto landed. Boys in the neighborhood heard the crash, and a party after a time managed to haul the wrecked machine from the line of the river. Both were unconscious. Mr. Jennings and the priest were taken care of in a nearby farmhouse.

Mrs. Jennings, wife of the ball player, although in frail health, hastened from Scranton to the bedside of her husband.

Later Jennings and the priest were brought to the hospital in Scranton. The automobile was the one Detroit baseball enthusiasts presented to Manager Jennings.

HANG BOTH M'NAMARAS SAY MISSOURI LABOR MEN.

Central Council of St. Joseph Hearing of Confessions Demands Death Penalty.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Dec. 2.—At a meeting of the Central Labor Council of St. Joseph, representing nearly all the labor unions of the city, resolutions were adopted today demanding the death penalty for James B. and John J. McNamara, who confessed to murder and dynamiting. Indignation is at a high pitch among the union men on account of the affair.

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THE TWO-GUN MAN.

"The Two-Gun Man." It's the name of the best, most exciting, cleverest cowboy story ever written in the past ten years.

Brothers Who Confess Their Guilt in Los Angeles Dynamite Plots.



JOHN J. AND JAMES B. McNAMARA

60 GIRLS IN PANIC AT EXPLOSION AND FIRE IN SEMINARY

Gas Pipe Blows Out and Starts Blaze in Glen Eden, Near Poughkeepsie.

(Special to The Evening World.)

POUGHKEEPSIE, Dec. 2.—Fire and panic followed an explosion of gas at 6 o'clock today in the Glen Eden seminary, a large boarding school for girls, on the Dutchess road.

The explosion took place in the ceiling between the chapel and one of the dormitories. Escaping gas ignited and the blaze threatened the building.

Ruth Ashby of Fremont, Neb., Berna Skinner, Iowa Falls, Ia., and Grace Donaldson of Williamsport, Ill., were in the rooms just above the point where the explosion took place. They were nearly overcome by the gas fumes when they were dragged out.

There were between sixty and seventy girls in their rooms on the upper floors, most of them in bed. Miss Donaldson was in a bathroom preparing to take her bath. The alarm of fire caused a panic and the girls rushed for the stairways in a scramble to get out of the building. There were no casualties and the injuries were chiefly bruises.

The women put out the blaze after an hour's hard fighting. The building was saved but the damage done by water and chemicals will exceed \$10,000. Several beautiful paintings in the chapel were ruined.

Remember the date: Monday (day after tomorrow), in The Evening World "The Two-Gun Man."

NEW YORK'S WORST BAD MAN IS KILLED TRYING TO SLAY

"Julie" Morell, Riddled at Dance, Dies After Reaching Bellevue Hospital.

LEAVES FINE FAMILY.

Kept Wife and Four Children in Comfort and Was a Good Father.

(Special to The Evening World.)

"Julie" Morell, the most shot-up and also the shootingest gunfighter in Greater New York, died in Bellevue Hospital today from seven pistol shot wounds. He went to a Second avenue dance hall last night to "smoke it out," as his herald announced, and was himself shot down from all sides. Five bullets penetrated his abdomen.

Morell was discharged from the Kings County Penitentiary three months ago. He was wanted for two shootings and another crime. The detectives who were looking for him were only a block away when he was shot.

The detectives were on their way to the dance at Stuyvesant Hall, No. 100 Second avenue, on the hunt for east side bad men and gangsters. The dance was given by "The Boys of The Avenue." There had also been whisperings that one of "Julie" Morell's feuds was scheduled to burn gunpowder.

When Detective Ransberg reached the hall he found Morell rolling across the pavement, unconscious. He had just been hurled down the narrow stairway after he had crumpled up before the bombardment in the anteroom to the big dance hall. There was a bedlam of noise in the place, and in the excitement all the armed officers of the law had been at the killing got away, recovering consciousness, "Julie" Morell said to the surgeon bending over him: MORELL REFUSED TO TELL WHO HAD SHOT HIM.

"I'll tell nothing. If I'm dying I'll die silent. It was my own job and they got me."

A few minutes later he died.

For the past seven years "Julie" Morell has been listed on the police records of gorillas and gangsters. He was notorious for his auto crashes. He fought with gun, knife and fist. He fought men and he fought buildings. For years he had a standing offer to fight any building in the city. He would fight the most savage buildings with his bare hands, waving off the door's fangs until he could start in his hand and wrap the animal by the tongue.

That "Julie" Morell has participated in five score gun fights is a conservative estimate, say the police. He has been at war with many gangs. He has terrorized whole gangs himself, entering their haunts at will and inviting them to "start something."

MORELL SENT WORD AHEAD THAT HE WAS COMING.

It was this sort of bravado that marked the climax to his career. Last night. Convinced that a reign of terror would follow his appearance at the hall he sent word ahead of him. He did this for theatrical effect. He wanted to glow over the timid gangsters who would shrink from him when he entered the hall.

But the gangsters at the hall prepared for his coming. They permitted him to climb the narrow stairs, gun in hand, and enter the anteroom. A signal from outside had warned them, and the moment he entered the anteroom a flying wedge struck him and spun him into a tight circle of his enemies. His revolver was wrenched from him before he could pull the trigger. His own weapon was turned against him and he was shot seven times in less time than it would take to count five. No arrests were made and no arrests are likely to be made. The detectives acknowledge that it was a blind crime.

Morell's wife was at Bellevue when he died. She had come down from their home at No. 251 East One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street, where they lived with their four children. Her account of her husband was in deep contrast to that given at police headquarters.

"He was the tenderest hearted, most generous husband and father that ever was," she said. "He never raised his voice, much less his hand, against me. I married him just before he came over to New York, and while I know he had some bad friends the police are showing off a lot of other people's bad reputations on him. Julie was a good boy."

"Why, now could a little underdogged man with a right arm partly paralyzed"

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

OFFER OF M'NAMARA TO PLEAD GUILTY WAS REJECTED LAST JULY

District-Attorney Tells of Effort to Sacrifice James B. to Save John J. Which He Refused Till Defense Met His Terms.

STATE WILL KEEP AFTER OTHERS IN DYNAMITE PLOT.

Detectives Closing In on Dave Kaplan and "Smithy" and May Involve Big Labor Men.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 2.—District-Attorney Fredericks emphatically denied this afternoon that he had made any bargain in accepting the confessions of the McNamara brothers, whereby others implicated in the great dynamite plot would escape prosecution.

When James B. McNamara has been sentenced, probably to life in prison, for the murder of twenty-one persons in the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times Building, Oct. 1, 1910, and John J., the elder brother, to fourteen years for blowing up the Llewellyn Iron Works, on their pleas of guilty, the State will continue the work of apprehending other guilty parties.

"Those pleas concern two persons," he said. "They pleaded guilty and took their chances. There has been no agreement to stop prosecution."

Detectives of the Burns agency are closing in on Dave Kaplan and M. A. Schmidt, known as Smithy, also wanted in connection with the blowing up of the Times Building, and a number of others—prominent labor men—who are implicated, will be brought to trial, it is declared.

Negotiations seeking to make James B. the sacrifice for his older brother were begun last July.

Only the persistent refusal of District-Attorney Fredericks to listen to a proposal which would let one man go free, and his determination to go on with the trial in which he knew he could convict both, led to the complete surrender of the defense and the entering of pleas of guilty by the two men.

DEFENSE CAME TO HIS TERMS.

District-Attorney Fredericks today gave a full account of the negotiations, declaring counsel for the defense came to his terms, and that outside influences did not prevail upon him. Men of standing in the community, he said, had been "up against him" with pleas that in the interests of peace and society James B. McNamara be allowed to plead guilty and that the case against his brother, John J., be dropped. These pleas, he said, he steadfastly rejected.

"I told them I was not running society," he said. "Some of the men, after talking it over, expressed their willingness to let me handle the matter in my own way."

Fredericks declared that since July he had had an offer from the defense to let James B. McNamara plead guilty to save John J. McNamara.

"A month ago, Darrow and I were talking in court half seriously about it. The court stopped proceedings, so we quit," he said. "That afternoon Darrow came to me and made virtually the same offer and I refused to accept it."

"If you ever change your mind let me know," Darrow said as he left.

"I never will," I replied.

"Then Darrow and Lincoln Steffens got together and Steffens went down to get men to come to me to urge me to agree to Darrow's proposal. The matter was put to me but I refused to consider it and they did not urge me. Two days later some of them gave me a typewritten statement and it was practically the same thing."

KNEW HE HAD THE GOODS.

"I said I knew I had the goods, and I did not propose to lie down. I asked two or three others, also of the same crowd, if they thought I'd made a mistake and they told me they thought the case was perfectly safe in my hands. Meanwhile I had talks with Darrow